

HE'S HERE AGAIN.

Once more he comes among us, once more his voice we hear, As we do invariably about this time of year; He jabs and irritates us till we long the chump to slay. But ages hence he'll still go on quite in the same old way. There's nothing that can stop him—he simply has to tell— It would hurt him if he didn't, and so you might as well. Make up your mind to take it, though, of course you'd rather not. He's the man who mops his forehead and informs you that it's hot.

When heat is warping up the rails along the railroad track; When undershirts are crawling up one's superheated back; When perspiration down one's nose drops in a steady stream; When plate-glass windows crack and pith runs in the pavement seam; When collars wilt and droop in flabby folds about one's neck; When one becomes a palpitating, limp and melting wreck; When sighing for some arctic clime or cool and shady grove; He'll puff and mop his forehead and inform you that it's hot.

He probably imagines you will think that it is cold. When paint comes up in blisters if you are not kindly told; That you might wear your ulster and your basement furnace start. If he were not around his information to impart; He may conceive your feeling and your eye-sight you distrust— Whatever he may think, he's got to say it's hot or "but." If there were only one of him! But, oh, there's such a lot Of idiots who make a point of telling you it's hot.

—Chicago Daily News.

The Murder at Fordham

By JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE night clerk made a long argument to the effect that nearly every celebrated murder mystery had been solved at last, but old Barney Patton, the house detective, refused to be convinced.

"Your theory that 'murder will out' may be all right in what you call celebrated crimes," said the old fellow, "but my experience is that it won't wash as regards the numberless minor cases that are neither never solved or in which the culprit is never punished. And it isn't always the fault of the police, either. They may be morally and most reasonably certain of the guilt of a man or a woman and yet be utterly unable to prove it to the satisfaction of a jury. There are so many obstacles in the form of court practice, so many complicated hindrances in the technicalities of courts, that, to me, the wonder is, so many criminals are punished."

"I remember the first case I ever worked on and what a disappointment it was to find myself balked at last by the fixed requirements of that judicial machinery that is supposed to be inexorable in the pursuit of all wrong-doers. I was sent up from the city to the town of Fordham, which had just been shocked by a rather singular midnight murder. The victim was a married woman named Celia Fordyce, who had recently moved into the neighborhood and was living in a pretty two-story cottage at the edge of town, with her husband and their only child, a daughter. It seems that he had been detained till a late hour at his store, and, having walked homeward, was within a block of his cottage when he heard cries of murder, and, running forward, saw Bertha, his daughter, in her night-gown, standing in the front veranda screaming for help."

"She excitedly exclaimed that a burglar must have gotten into the house and killed Mrs. Fordyce while she slept. It was nearly ten o'clock that morning when I reached the house, glad to find that the authorities of Fordham had taken charge of the place and that the house and its contents had been kept in the exact condition prevailing during the night of the crime. I learned that Mrs. Fordyce's body had been found on the floor of the back parlor nearly six feet from the bed which she had occupied; that a Winchester rifle, the muzzle in her hand had been found beside the body. An examination of the body and of the room showed that two shots had been fired—both from the rifle. One lodged in the woodwork of the bed, just above the pillow, and the other had passed through the woman's heart, and was found under the skin near the spinal column."

"Fordyce told me that the rifle had always stood in the closet of the room occupied by himself and his wife. That since his coming to Fordham, it had never been out of its leather case. It was evident that the murderer had found the weapon, taken it out of its case and turned it upon the awakening woman. Was there another weapon in the house? There had been, he said a pistol which was always kept loaded under his or his wife's pillow. Where was it? Nobody knew. I questioned Miss Bertha, who was a demure, rather comely girl of perhaps 17. She had been asleep in her room, which was the hall room on the second floor. The first shot had awakened her and she remembered sitting up in bed to listen. Hearing no further disturbance, but quite frightened, she got up and bolted her door on the inside. Then she heard a second shot and a moment later the sound as of a body falling, then a rush of footsteps up the carpeted stair and back through the hall leading the length of the house. It had been some minutes, she thought, before she gained courage to light the gas. Then she called down over the balustrade, but, getting no answer, came into the hall, lighting each gas jet as she went, till she was in the reception hall downstairs. From there she saw her mother, face-down, on the floor. Unlocking the front door, which was fastened with a Yale lock and on the latch, she

went out on the veranda and began to scream. Then her father had come running. That was all either Fordyce or his daughter could tell about the matter.

"I went back through the upstairs hall, and found the window at the end raised about two feet. I looked out and saw on the tin roof of the little summer kitchen below a leather rifle case. Then I searched the whole house from cellar to attic, but found no sign of the missing pistol. No robbery had been done, because Fordyce identified everything of value, and even showed me about \$300 in bills, his wife's pin money, which was tucked carefully into an old, painted or gilded gourd on the dresser. I was puzzled about the pistol's disappearance, but concluded that the robber had secured that first, had probably awakened Mrs. Fordyce in that way and made off after the murder with the revolver in his pocket. Yet how or why, having secured the pistol, the intruder had found time or cause to uncase the rifle and use it in preference to the smaller, handier gun, I couldn't figure out. That robbery being the motive, I didn't doubt for an instant, but when I examined the ground about the cottage, though it was quite muddy from the rain of the night before, I could find no trace of the escaping house-breaker. I made sure that everything had been locked except that one window, and it seemed as plain as day that the murderer must have climbed in over the kitchen roof and out by the same route. What had prompted him to carry the rifle case that far? How had he got from the roof of the summer kitchen to the distant back fence without leaving a print of his footsteps? There was neither pavement nor walk in the yard, for the cottage was new and the bare clay about it was soft and untrodden. At either side of the cottage was a bare area at least 25 feet wide. There were no footprints anywhere. Where was the pistol? I searched that house a dozen times that day, even unfolding the clean linen in the closets and rummaging in Bertha's trunk, to the great anger of her grief-stricken father. But it was not to be found. I spent the night proving to my own satisfaction that Fordyce had actually been at his store till half an hour before the murder must have occurred. Nobody knew much about the family. He had come with his wife six months before and had bought the Ferris stove and tinware business. He seemed to be a fine man, a trifle younger than his wife, but apparently happy."

"The women who had met her all spoke well of Mrs. Fordyce. Bertha, the daughter, had come home from boarding school at Ogdensburg in May. It was about June 10 that the murder occurred. Now, after finding out as much as I could, I made up my mind, and it cost me many a twinge to do so, I made up my mind that Bertha had killed her own mother! It was such a preposterous, monstrous suspicion that I was ashamed of it myself and, of course, dared not mention it to anyone else, at least, until I had some sound evidence. She was apparently a very emotional, cultivated young girl and I couldn't think of the least shadow of motive sufficient to urge her to so hateful and unnatural a crime, but the facts, few but adamant, told me, in spite of myself, that she had done it. Now in a case like that, where the evidence is wholly circumstantial and at that, far from final, it is absolutely necessary to find or supply a motive. I was so sure of my theory that I spent a week at the Ogdensburg school trying to find out all about Bertha, her disposition, vagaries, regard for her home and her mother. Everything was favorable to the girl. There was not a hint of criticism upon which I might fasten the thread of justification for my suspicion. I went suddenly back to Fordham and searched the Fordyce house again. I don't know what moved me to it, but I got out on the tin roof, and noticing a warped place where the metal had raised about an inch from the level, I thrust in my hand and pulled out the missing pistol that had been stolen from under Fordyce's pillow!"

"Meanwhile the coroner's jury had laid the crime at the door of 'party or parties unknown' and, certain as I felt that this strange girl must have abstracted her parents' weapon in the daytime or perhaps during a previous night, and had gone about the murder with premeditated and horrible coolness, I was powerless to reopen the case, for I knew that, unless I could supply a reasonable motive for the incredible crime, I would be laughed at. So I passed up the whole matter. 'Never did anything about it,' wondered the night clerk.

"No. Never heard of the Fordyces again till two years ago. I was visiting an old sister of mine in Boston. I was sitting on the front stoop one summer evening when I saw Fordyce and his daughter pass, arm in arm. I asked my sister if she knew them and she said their name was Ballard, that Mrs. Kelly, who lived across the street, had known the woman when she was a girl. I went over to see Mrs. Kelly that evening and she said that Ballard's 'real name' was Fordyce, but that he had changed it perhaps on account of his first wife's murder up at Fordham."

"And who is this young woman living with him? Is she his daughter?"

"No," said Mrs. Kelly, "she's his step-daughter. You see he married a widow named Celia something, when her child was about 12 years old. The mother was killed somehow by a burglar, I believe, and a couple of years afterward he turns in and marries the daughter." —Chicago Record-Herald.

New York Society Men.

New York society men are now wearing silk vests, but, says the Chicago Record-Herald, we hasten to give them credit for having thus far held out against the bustle.

A STUDY IN DRESS.

The Wise Woman Selects Colors That Harmonize and Has Her Hair and Waist Match.

It is a wise woman who takes care to secure a hat to match each waist. First get your hat. Then, in picking out your waists, try to make them match or at least "go with" the hat. A waist of steel color may have no more than a hat trimmed with steel. A waist of blue may be matched with a hat whose only blue is found in the polka dots that adorn the silk with which it is trimmed.

It is a distinct study in dress, this matching of one garment to another, but it is one no woman can afford to neglect, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Better a cheap outfit that corresponds throughout, skirt, waist, hat and parasol than an expensive one that looks as though it were picked up here and there.

The black skirt, the blue waist, the tan hat and the brown parasol may be ever so well selected and of the costliest, but the result is seldom pleasing. Better far to match the black skirt with a black waist trimmed with medallions of ecru lace. Then the tan hat will match well; and the brown parasol, if dressed with an ecru bow, will look as though it were part and parcel of the whole.

That is the dress sermon which is being preached by M. Le Bary, the great French dress apostle, and it is one that all should ponder well.

Speaking of the matter of making a right selection, a New York modiste tells a story.

Having at one time a wealthy patron, a woman of unlimited money, but poor taste, the modiste refused to make her clothes.

"Why not," demanded the customer, on being refused.

"Because, madam, your colors do not harmonize," replied the modiste, boldly. "I shall not lose my reputation."

"But—but," the customer gasped. "If madam will be wise," intimated the modiste, "and will follow rules, then I might make the gowns."

Then followed directions. She was to buy all reds and browns and blues—three colors that never swear at each other.

This rule applied to this season would call for tomato and coral and blood red. For automobile, cardinal and beet. It would call for wood brown, for butternut color and for tan. It would call for marine, sea and ink blue; for blue, navy and duck's egg. With these one could really do a great deal.

SECRETS OF BEAUTY CULTURE

Persistence in Exercise Is One of the Prerequisites, Says One Who Knows.

And a word to those who long to be "stylish." The wish is not as frivolous as it at first appears. Next to beauty, it is the right of every woman to be becomingly groomed; she owes it to her associates no less than to herself; and from a sartorial point of view, much is in favor of the physically perfected woman. The better proportioned the figure, the more erect the carriage, so much the more artistically simple may be the garments.

Breathing we will consider at another time. Sufficient now to say that it is astonishing, even appalling, how little is known on this vitally important subject, says Alberti, in Truth: the Woman's Forum.

If a girl has been so fortunate as to receive physical education while she is young, so much the better. She then absorbs the instruction just as she does lessons in any other branch of her education, without any clear appreciation of its future benefit; later she learns that true physical culture means culture in the broadest sense; that it is not the development of a few forceful muscles, but the harmonious development of mind and body, aiming to give the highest expression to the spirit that is within her. We who are older, to whom the need of a better body, a clearer mind and a finer soul has but lately been felt, must first get over (what is to many a bete noir) the initial effort. Physical culture exercises are simple and brief. The one essential is not time or relaxation, but persistence. In time, a short time, troublesome effort becomes a fascinating habit, and with strength and grace of body comes a corresponding mental attitude. We realize how closely mind and matter are allied and that soul pervades all. Indeed, bodily training should go hand in hand with the moral and mental growth of man or woman.

Fruit Fritters.

Except where there are children to cater for, milk puddings are rarely seen at the home table of to-day and yet when fruit is served at the other two meals a little variety is certainly needed for dinner, especially when it is desired to make this meal finished and attractive. Drain canned peaches or pears and dip in a batter made as follows: Sift together a cupful and one-third of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, mix gradually to a batter with two-thirds of a cupful of milk; stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs and at the last the stiffened whites. Cook in deep boiling fat, drain the fruit on soft paper and serve with or without sauce or whipped cream. Apples peeled and cut in round slices are excellent cooked in this way and are relished by those who do not care for ordinary dessert. —Washington Star.

Expectation of Life.

A person 20 years old has, on an average, 42 years' life before him if he lives in the United States, 41 if he lives in England and only 37 if his home is in Belgium. —N. Y. Herald.

PLANTS AND BLOSSOMS.

Parsley makes a good border for beds of bright blossoms, and thus fulfills two uses. It is hardy and quite easy to grow.

Who tends a garden knows not doubts or pessimism. With the growing plants faith flourishes, and good spirits thrive inevitably with sunshine and the smell of fresh earth.

That "every other man believes himself a natural farmer" has passed into a proverb. A similar conviction lies at the root of many gardening failures. It is hardly fair to blame seeds or seedsmen for the poor success of a kind of floriculture quite opposite to that prescribed.

The ampelopsis viticuli, or Boston ivy, gives unflinching satisfaction as a porch, wall, or veranda climber. The olive green foliage turns to bright scarlet, crimson, and orange in the autumn, and it will cling to the smoothest surface. Either seeds or young plants may be used to start it.

The balsam is an old-fashioned flower, but it is always attractive. Some of the newer varieties are almost like camellias, and many shades of blue, red, purple, and lilac afford contrast with the white. The dwarf balsams are fine for borders, and the taller kinds look well wherever placed.

The "dear old-fashioned columbine" is always delightful. It comes now in many shades and colors, and the veriest amateur can grow it. The golden, white, sky blue, and purple tones are all satisfactory. White, yellow, and purple, or white, yellow, and blue arranged together will make beautiful beds.

WELL FOR WIVES TO KNOW

It is always decidedly cheaper in the end to buy only good carpets and good furniture.

Brass may be beautifully cleaned and polished with a paste of emery powder and paraffine.

Before laying oilcloth, cover the floor thinly with sawdust. This will increase the wearing power of the oilcloth and will serve to deaden sound.

Make a splendid furniture polish by taking a wineglass of olive oil, one of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of alcohol; apply with a soft cloth and polish with flannel.

During the last few years the disposition toward novelty sorts in rugs has been continually growing stronger. These Chinese rugs are an excellent example of this.

To make a cheap floor polish save all the ends of candles, put them in a jar and melt on a stove. Mix enough turpentine to make a soft paste and you will have an excellent polishing material for oilcloth, linoleum, etc., which will cost you hardly anything.

Silk should never be folded away for any length of time in white paper, since the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper produces a chemical change in the silk and impairs the color. A way to prevent silk or woolen turning yellow is to place pieces of beeswax in with the fabrics when putting them away.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

The man who carries a pocket comb or mirror is by no means exceptional.

Some men call women angels—but then you can't believe all that some men say.

The proudest moment in a bride's life is when she sees her first cards bearing the title of Mrs.

The man who has an unusually bright young son is not apt to dispute the doctrine of heredity.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, June 25.		
CATTLE—Common	3 50	@ 5 00
Steers, choice	6 50	@ 6 85
CALVES—Extra	6 75	@ 7 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	7 50	@ 7 65
Mixed packers	7 15	@ 7 45
SHEEP—Extra	4 00	@ 4 00
LAMBS—Extra	6 65	@ 6 70
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	81	@ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	65 1/2	@ 65 1/2
No. 2 white mixed.	66 1/2	@ 66 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2	@ 47 1/2
RYE—No. 2	52	@ 52
HAY—Ch. timothy	13 25	@ 13 25
PORK—Clear cut	19 75	@ 20 00
LARD—Steam	10 50	@ 10 50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	16	@ 16
Choice creamery	23 1/2	@ 23 1/2
APPLES—Fancy	5 00	@ 6 00
POTATOES—New, bl	2 75	@ 2 75
TOBACCO—New	2 95	@ 10 75
Old	7 90	@ 15 75

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60	@ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	80	@ 80
No. 3 red	75 1/2	@ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	66 1/2	@ 67 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	44	@ 44 1/2
RYE—No. 2	58 1/2	@ 59 1/2
PORK—Mess	18 40	@ 18 45
LARD—Steam	10 62 1/2	@ 10 62 1/2

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	4 00	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	79 1/2	@ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	68 1/2	@ 68 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	49 1/2	@ 49 1/2
RYE—Western	65 1/2	@ 65 1/2
PORK—Mess	19 75	@ 20 00
LARD—Steam	10 95	@ 10 95

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	80 1/2	@ 80 1/2
Southern	75	@ 82
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	66 1/2	@ 67
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	48 1/2	@ 49
CATTLE—Butchers	5 60	@ 6 50
HOGS—Western	7 60	@ 7 60

Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71	@ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	67 1/2	@ 67 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2	@ 47 1/2
PORK—Mess	18 50	@ 18 50
LARD—Steam	10 50	@ 10 50

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2	@ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	63 1/2	@ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	45	@ 45 1/2

Millions of Fish. Great attention is being paid this year by the Wisconsin Fish Commission to the stocking of the streams and lakes of that state. Fifteen million pike fry and two million muscullunge are to be distributed in the Wisconsin lakes, and it is proposed by the Wisconsin authorities to give the visitor to that state this summer plenty of sport with rod and line.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway, which reaches all the principal fishing resorts in Wisconsin and Northern Michigan, announces favorable excursion rates and special train service from Chicago and Milwaukee this summer to take care of what they anticipate will be the largest movement to Wisconsin resorts that has ever been known.

Reaction.

"Papa," said the sweet girl graduate, "wasn't my commencement gown a whoopee? I had the other girls skinned alive!"

"And this is the girl," said papa, sadly, "whose graduating essay was 'An Appeal for Higher Standards of Thought and Expression.'" —Chicago Tribune.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating, feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Proof Positive.

"I suppose you set a good table?" remarked the man who was looking for board. "Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout." —Chicago Daily News.

Good Guess.

A Georgia woman, who tried to discover if marriage is a failure has buried five husbands, and says: "There'll be trouble up in Heaven if we know each other there." —El Paso Times.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

"Dis would go along mighty easy," said Uncle Eben, "if every man could be as smart as 45 as he thought he was at 25." —Washington Star.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

When you get the reins in your hands a lot of things appear in the road you hadn't noticed before. —Acheson Globe.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL LAME BACK ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

ANKER-PAIN-EXPELLER gives relief and positive cures PILES. For free sample address "ANKER-PAIN-EXPELLER," Tribune building, New York.



To Preserve, Purify, and Beautify the Skin, Hands, and Hair Nothing Equals

Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS of WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

COMPLETE TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMOUR, \$1.

Considering CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.) to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27, 28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 3 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. WORKS, Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated Liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humors cures. Each pill is equivalent to one teaspoonful of Liquid RESOLVENT. Put up in screw-cap pocket vials, containing 60 doses, price 25c.